BROUGHT TO YOU BY
WE NEED MORE YANKIIS
TRANSLATED BY
BOWLING
PROOFREAD BY
DANIELA
TRANSLATION CHECK BY
CINDA
EDITED BY
JAWSH + ZERAKI
DISCORD:
Discord.gg/mnadMa4

SCENE. 3

The eyes are the window to the soul

Her monologue.

When I'm rested, I will phone home.
"If you're able to leave, don't let us stop you!" My sisters told me.
Well, I'm looking forward to what they'll say about this. I'm big enough to
live how I want after all. I'm not scared of adventure.
The servants doing everything, going around the garden but no more... Don't forget your stick,
don't go over there, and over here it's dangerous...
And no one to tell me what's beautiful.
I want to discover the city, to start with, that should keep me busy for a while.
"Eek!"
My God, did I scream?
"Thankfully, you ran into me, but you shouldn't follow the first person you stumble into..."
Should you not trust people's voices?
My, he shouldn't worry.
I have good ears.

I heard a voice at my feet,
the next moment, it came from the sky.
Soft and hot, like a wool blanket,
the same sincerity. In any case, he was a smoker.
His arm impregnated with the smell of tobacco.
I wondered if it was written all over on my face
that I ran away from home.
He must have guessed that I didn't know
where I was going either.
No, no, not that.
I had had enough of driving around in a car.
I wanted to walk for a bit.

You know, it's hard to tell whether you're asleep or awake...

Oh?

That's actually my special skill.

Yes.

For if someone tries to attack you, thinking you're asleep or something.

It is?

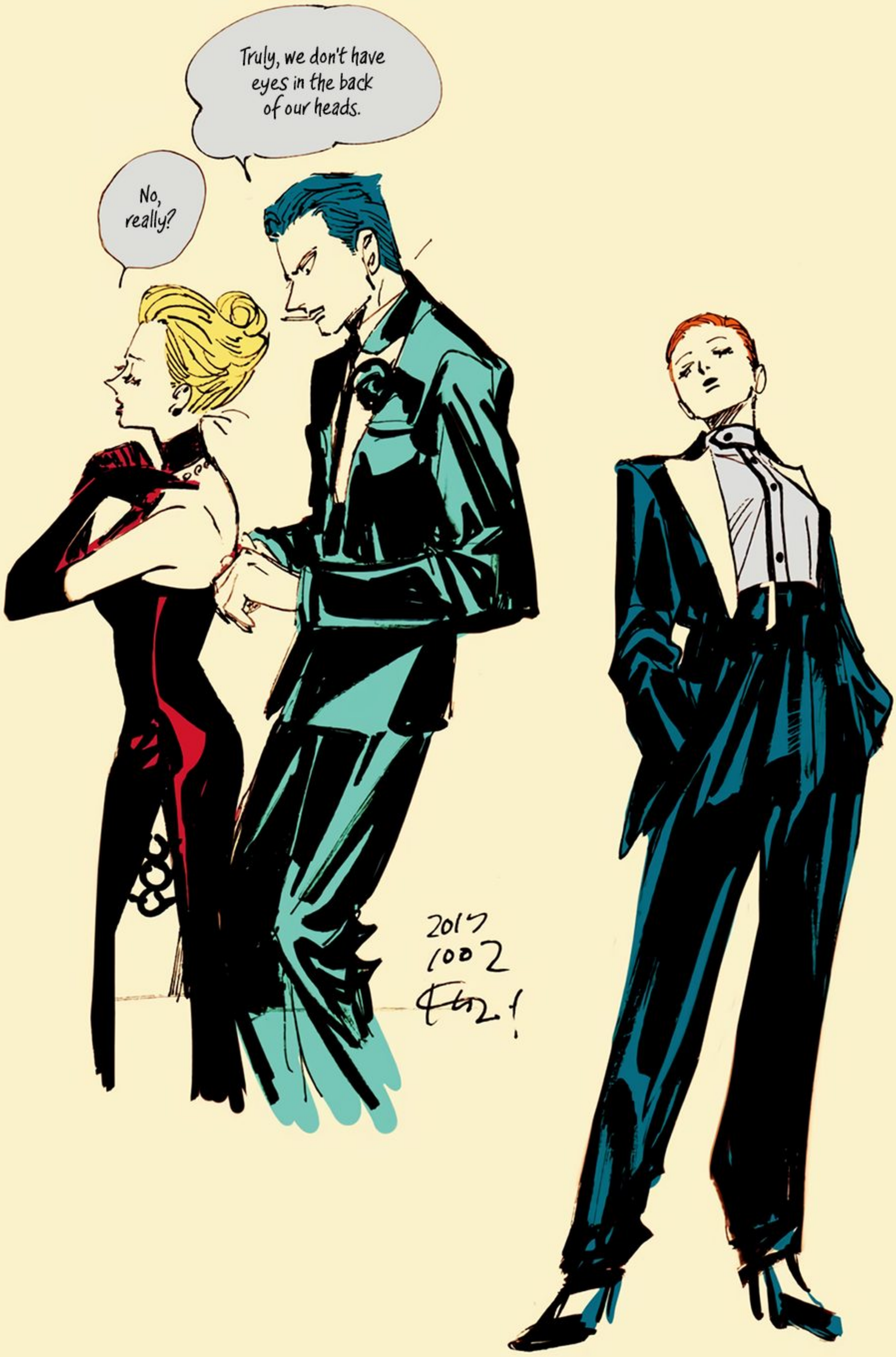
That's good.

Don't you even think about it!

I would never. And I'd never let anyone else, either.

...Sometimes, it's hard to tell whether you're serious or just joking.

That's actually my special skill.


Truly, we don't have eyes in the back of our heads.
No, really?
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Eh?!

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